

THE
Chap-Book
SEMI-MONTHLY

Contents for December 1, 1895.

THE QUATRAIN FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

O, THAT WAY MADNESS LIES H. E. F.

DRAWING RAYMOND M. CROSBY.

SERENADE JOHN DAVIDSON

THE DEVIL'S MANUSCRIPT

CHAPTERS I. AND II. S. LEVETT YEATS

DRAWING CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON,

NOTES

BOOKS RECEIVED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRICE 5 CENTS

\$1.00 A YEAR

Published by
Stone & Kimball
Chicago

"ALL THE MAGAZINES IN ONE"

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Edited by Albert Shaw

Trial Subscription
for Five Months

\$1.00.

Three Recent
Sample Copies

25 cts.

Subscription per Year **\$2.50.**

The "Literary World" of October 5th, says: "We are deeply impressed from month to month with the value of the 'Review of Reviews,' which is a sort of Eiffel Tower for the survey of the whole field of periodical literature. And yet it has a mind and voice of its own, and speaks out with decision and sense on all public topics of the hour. It is a singular combination of the monthly magazine and the daily newspaper. It is daily in its freshness; it is monthly in its method. It is the world under a field-glass. If we were the teacher of a school we should use the 'Review of Reviews' as a reader, and so make it do duty as an illustrated text-book in current history."

The only way to describe adequately the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is to put several copies into your hands; for it is so entirely different from all other magazines that one cannot form an idea of its timely interest and comprehensive value without reading it.

The REVIEW OF REVIEWS, as its name implies, gives in readable form the gist of the best articles in the other magazines all over the world, generally on the same date that they are published. With the recent extraordinary increase of worthy periodicals, these careful reviews, summaries, and quotations, containing the kernel of periodical literature, are alone worth the subscription price.

Aside from these departments, the editorial and contributed features of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS are themselves equal in extent to a magazine. The Editor's "Progress of the World" is an invaluable chronicle of the happenings of the thirty days just past, with pictures of the men and women who have made the history of the month on every page.

The brilliant character sketches, fully illustrated, of such noted personalities in every country and sphere of action as Pope Leo, the Czar of Russia, Mr. Gladstone, Thomas Edison,—whoever is for the month most specially prominent,—are of absorbing interest.

If anything really notable occurs in the economic, political, or literary world, the reader of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS will find it discussed IMMEDIATELY—not after waiting two months—by the writer best fitted to do so.

Thousands of letters, prompted by an introduction to the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, often from celebrated, and always from discerning people, have been merely variations on the themes, "the magazine is indispensable," "the REVIEW OF REVIEWS is invaluable," "no American citizen should be without it," "it is a liberal education," etc., etc.

Scores of Pictures in each number

The Review of Reviews

13 Astor Place, New York

Sent
Free

Our 17th ANNUAL HOLIDAY CATALOGUE—1895-96—of books specially selected for their adaptability to the uses of the Season, including elegant specimens of the best work of TOUT, ZAEHNSDORF, RIVIERE and other famous London binders, as well as the CHOICEST NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON. All of these are offered at from 25 to 50 PER CENT. REDUCTION from regular prices, and as SATISFACTION IS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED, it will pay you to send your address on a postal card and receive a copy before making your holiday purchases.

ESTES & LAURIAT, BOSTON,

301 Washington St.

Opp. Old South Church.

EUGENE FIELD'S LAST BOOK OF PROSE

THE HOLY CROSS and Other Tales

Third
Thousand

By Eugene Field. With decorations by L. J. Rhead.
16mo. 192 pages. Cloth. Price, \$1.25, net.

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

EUGENE FIELD

The Chicago Press Clipping Bureau received the order for a scrap book collection of all the press comments on Field's death, to be presented to his family by kind friends. The result is a wonderful volume, a priceless memorial of the esteem in which he was held by old and young, filled with heart-felt tributes from every nook and corner of the land.

We have a duplicate set of Clippings, price, \$25.00.

Address CHICAGO PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU,
36 La Salle St., Chicago

The Child's Garden of Song

Selected and Arranged by WILLIAM L. TOMLINS, musical director of the Apollo Club of Chicago and of the Children's Choruses of the World's Fair. With beautiful colored designs by Ella Ricketts. Quarto, \$2.00.

"It is in every particular the daintiest performance we have seen, and we are sure that it will meet with the enthusiastic approval of the public. A conspicuously beautiful feature of this volume is the illustrations thereof by Ella Ricketts—drawings wholly in harmony with the delicacy, purity and sweetness of the songs, and demonstrating clearly the genius of the artist. These pictures, which adorn every page of the book, are printed in eight colors, and they surpass, both in point of design and in point of execution, everything attempted in this line in this country."—EUGENE FIELD in The Chicago Record.

A Child of Tuscany

BY MARGUERITE BOUVET, author of "Sweet William," "My Lady," etc. Illustrated by Will Phillip Hooper. Small 4to, 207 pages, \$1.50.

"This is a sweet, wholesome, and cheerful story, bright with Italian sunshine, and warm with its author's "kindly love" to all the young. The scene is laid in the city of Florence and its richly picturesque neighborhood. The characters are all Italian. The children will follow with unabated interest the career of the little peasant hero, who, by unselfish love and patience, persistent labour, rises from poverty to wealth. Miss Bouvet's large circle of young readers will eagerly welcome this story from the pen of one who has given them so much pleasure and profit in the past.

"The story is told in the author's charming style, and rich in facts of the people and the country, which it will be profitable for young readers to remember."—Inter-Ocean, Chicago.

Beatrice of Bayou Teche

By ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES. 12mo, 386 pages, \$1.25.

"It is more than ordinarily well written, full of fanciful turns of phrase, and short, charming pen pastels, and would be agreeable reading even were the story a less pulse-quickenning one."—Commercial Advertiser, New York.

"The book has no dull chapters."—Inter-Ocean, Chicago.

*Will be sent postpaid on receipt
of price by the publishers . . .*

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

The Journal of Countess Krasinska

IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Translated by KASIMIR DZIEKONSKA. With portrait and other illustrations. 16mo, gilt top, deckel edges, \$1.25.

"The Countess was the daughter of a Polish nobleman and sixteen years old when she began her journal, which covers two years of the life of a young woman who was the great-great-grandmother of the present King and Queen of Italy. It is a very open and full diary,—just such as one would expect from a bright young woman of that age."—Boston Times.

"Woven with her love incidents of her pathetic career, are touches of patriotism and womanly devotion to country which are inspiring and romantic in the extreme."—Boston Journal.

Recollections of Abraham Lincoln

By WARD HILL LAMON. Edited by Dorothy Lamon. With two portraits and *fac simile* letters, 12mo, 286 pages, \$1.50

"Mr. Lamon has unusual qualifications as a biographer—long and intimate acquaintance with the subject of his work, and an honest and discriminating judgment."—Chicago Record.

"Every page is interesting, especially so, however, are what may be called the human pages—those relating to Lincoln's personal attachments and incidents of his fidelity to his friends."—Times-Herald, Chicago.

"It is all of interest and much of it novelty. It makes more real the real Lincoln."—New York Independent.

Life and Love

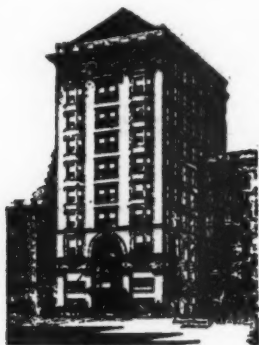
By MARGARET W. MORLEY, author of "A Song of Life," Illustrated, 12mo, \$1.25.

"Life and Love" reveals the same qualities of thought and style which marked "A Song of Life," but it addresses a maturer audience. It is no romantic love story, but a scientific treatise of love as seen in plant, insect, and animal life, from the lowest to the highest forms. The laws implanted by nature in every organism for its reproduction are among the most interesting of studies. Our author modestly follows her subject where science leads, and makes a valuable and entertaining little book."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

*Will be sent postpaid on receipt
of price by the publishers . . .*

A. C. McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO

STEINWAY PIANOS . . .



STEINWAY HALL

No fact is more firmly established
in the Public Mind than this:

STEINWAY PIANOS

Have been, are now and
always will continue to be

THE BEST

Buyers, and other interested parties, should not fail to
visit our warerooms. No more elegant display of Pianos
elsewhere to be found.

Lyon, Potter & Co.

STEINWAY HALL 17, 19, 21 Van Buren St.

THE QUATRAIN

A SINGLE fancy does not do
To last an epic poem through;
The sea is more than one small drop.—
Make it a quatrain then and stop.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

O, THAT WAY MADNESS LIES

A Play for Marionettes

PERSONS

A PÈRE DE FAMILLE. (He is deaf—almost.)
A MÈRE DE FAMILLE. (She is blind—almost.)
A JEUNE FILLE, their daughter, (She is insane—almost.)
A VIEILLE FEMME.
Her PARROT.
THREE MAIDENS.
A DUMB SHOW of SEVEN PORTERS.
Seven times Seven OLD MEN who carry banners,
Other Auxiliaries.

A small room, strangely narrow and low-ceiled. At either end of it a glass door flanked on each side by a little window. Close to one door the Père de Famille and the Mère de Famille sit vis-à-vis, knees touching, and regard the sinking sun across a flat landscape set with pollarded willows. Close to the other door sits their daughter, her hands passively folded, and contemplates the rising October moon, whose full circle is reflected in marshy waters. Overhead a

Copyright 1895 by STONE & KIMBALL.

single lamp shows as a pallid opalescent disc, and underfoot a dull but continuous rumble accompanies all things said and done.

THE DAUGHTER (*speaking into vacancy*). I am at home.

THE FATHER (*anxiously, to the Mother*). Eh? What does she say?

THE MOTHER (*loudly*). She is at home. She says she is at home.

THE FATHER. She is at . . . ?

THE MOTHER. At home. She is at home.

THE FATHER. Ah!—She is at home.

THE MOTHER. Yes, but she is not at home. I think she is worse. We do well to go forward.

THE FATHER. She is not worse.

THE MOTHER. After all, she feels at home, I think she is better. We should do well to turn back.

THE FATHER. She is not better.

THE MOTHER. Not better?

THE FATHER. She is the same. Rest quiet.

[An apparition, short and sudden, of a cleft and solitary cypress-tree rising in a graveyard.]

THE MOTHER. What is she doing?

THE FATHER. What is she . . . ?

THE MOTHER. What is she doing, I ask. Tell me; tell me!

THE FATHER. She twists her hands. She stares abroad.

THE MOTHER. What does she see?

THE DAUGHTER. My sewing—will no one bring it to me? I left it above in my little chamber on the chimney-piece. The needle is sticking in the hem.

THE MOTHER (*whimpering*). My poor Ursule!

THE FATHER. What does she see? She sees the marshes, the clouds, the canals, the windmills; she sees a man just outside who presents a folded flag.

THE MOTHER. There have been others.

THE FATHER. There will be others still.

THE MOTHER (*suddenly*). She moans.

THE FATHER. She . . . ?

THE MOTHER. She moans.

THE FATHER. I do not know. There are tears on her cheek.

[Dead leaves sweep by, like a trailing flight of nocturnal birds. The sound of a bell, above all other sounds.]

THE MOTHER. Hark ! It is a wedding bell.

THE DAUGHTER. My poor little garment must be ready.

THE FATHER. I hear it, too. It is a funeral-bell.

THE MOTHER. It may be both.

THE FATHER. Or neither.

THE MOTHER. She knows.

THE DAUGHTER. Will no one bring it to me ?

THE FATHER. Perhaps she does. She writhes. She waves her arms.

THE MOTHER. Could *he* but see her now !

THE FATHER. We cannot blame *him* !

[The first star of evening appears. A will-o'-the-wisp rises from the marsh, attempts to mount skyward, and falls back into the weeds and the slime.]

THE MOTHER. No ; he was too high.

THE FATHER. And we were too humble.

[A second star appears. The two dance toward each other and merge into one. The will-o'-the-wisp flickers and expires.]

THE MOTHER. Nor can we blame *her*.

THE FATHER. What do you say ? Louder—louder ! This uproar—it is too much !

THE MOTHER. I say we cannot blame her, either.

THE FATHER. Her? Whom?

THE MOTHER. Her,—her! That other, The third, (*Suddenly reaching out her arms toward her Daughter*), My poor Ursule!

THE FATHER, Leave her alone, She is better so.

THE DAUGHTER (*babbling and sobbing*). Poor flame!—so early quenched in tears!

[The marsh expands into a pond, Two white swans swim stately on its bosom. A wounded heron drags itself along the sedgy border.]

THE DAUGHTER (*sobbing more wildly*). Poor bird!—poor bird! (*She throws herself at full length on her couch.*)

THE MOTHER. It is too much. Draw the curtain. She must become accustomed to drawn curtains and to narrow rooms. (*The sun sinks.*)

THE FATHER. Yes, they will do better for her there than we can do.

THE DAUGHTER (*lifting herself*). Yes, draw it—draw it close.

[A man appears outside her window, and offers stiffly a folded flag.]

THE DAUGHTER. Yes, draw it close! He shall not see me again! He has looked in on me too many times already! I know him! Forty-four times!

THE MOTHER. There have been others.

THE FATHER. There will be others still.

[The man disappears, The Vision of a brightly illuminated Château, set on a triple terrace, A meteoric shower above its topmost turret, A parade of peacocks on the lower balustrade. The DAUGHTER screams.]

THE FATHER (*rising in all haste*). In heaven's name, let the curtains be drawn—and close!

THE MOTHER (*rising also*). What has she seen?
What more is there to hide?

THE FATHER. The Château itself! The wedding illuminations! Haste—haste! (*He draws his Daughter's curtain to.*)

THE MOTHER. My poor Ursule!

[*A coup de sifflet.* The uproar beneath them grows, yet disintegrates in growing. Great rocks of sound project themselves centrifugally, and through the débris a path is picked toward silence.]

THE FATHER. Thank heaven! We are half-way there!

[*A moment of rest and quiet. The Daughter's door is opened, and Three Maidens appear and make as if to enter.*]

THE DAUGHTER (*springing up to close the door and to re-adjust the curtain*). I am not at home, For shame—for shame!

THE FATHER. She is not at home, She knows it. She is better, Let us leave here—let us return.

THE MOTHER. She is not at home. She never will be at home. We have still far to go, Rest quiet,

[*The Three Maidens retire abashed. The curtain has been torn down in the struggle and through the undraped panes there appears a Dumb Show:*

A jostling multitude on a long and narrow stage, at whose back are many doors with various inscriptions: "Salle d'Attente;" "Restaurant 1ère Classe;" "Pour les Hommes;" "Chef de Gare."

A slow procession of Seven Porters, each of whom carries a heavy chest.]

THE DAUGHTER (*clasping her hands across her eyes*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE FATHER. The curtain! The curtain! The cur-

tain! (*He fails to replace it, and tries to shut out the view by the interposition of his own bulk.*)

THE MOTHER (*quaveringly, after a purblind peering*)
What do you see? What do you see?

THE FATHER. I see the Count. He has varnished shoes.
He wears a rosette. He comes this way.

THE DAUGHTER. Oh! Oh! Oh!—Not now—not now!
—Why not before?

THE MOTHER. What else? What else?

THE FATHER. Hush—hush! She carries a parasol of
white lace. She shakes rice from the folds of her gown.
She stumbles against an old shoe.

THE DAUGHTER. Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MOTHER. She is beautiful?

THE FATHER. Louder! You say that—

THE MOTHER. I ask if she is beautiful. But why do I
ask? I know—I know! (*Twilight falls; the air has be-
come strangely thick and murky.*)

THE FATHER. Yes, she is beautiful—beautiful as the
dawn.

THE DAUGHTER. Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MOTHER. My poor Ursule! (*She tears down the
opposite curtain, and hands it across to her husband.*) Take
this,

[Before he can put it in place an OLD WOMAN who
carries a PARROT in a cage appears at the door, and
lays her hand upon the handle as if to enter.]

THE FATHER (*to Old Woman*). Back, back! You
cannot enter here.

THE OLD WOMAN. Why not, I pray? (*The Parrot
gives a loud squawk.*)

THE DAUGHTER. Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MOTHER (*rising, and approaching Old Woman*).
Go away! This is no place for you.

THE OLD WOMAN. Let me be judge of that. I mean to enter here. It is my right.

THE PARROT (*repeating*). It is my right.

THE MOTHER (*helplessly*). Yes, it is her right.

[THE OLD WOMAN enters, trampling upon the torn curtain, and places her cage upon one of the seats.]

THE OLD WOMAN (*seating herself opposite, with a grunt of satisfaction*). Well, well!—A happy ending to a brave day!

[The underground roar is resumed. A shifting of lights and of doors. A quick passing of waving handkerchiefs and of many happy faces.]

THE OLD WOMAN (*gaily and forgivingly*). Aha! We are off! And *they* go on with us.

THE FATHER (*to the MOTHER*). She says that—?

THE MOTHER. She says that—

THE PARROT. They go on with us. With us! With us!

THE MOTHER. Ah! Ah!

THE OLD WOMAN. Not ten metres behind us. The Count and his bride. The happy pair.

THE PARROT, Happy pair! Happy, happy, happy pair!

[In the last fading moment of the twilight a man appears briefly just outside, presenting stiffly a folded flag.]

THE DAUGHTER (*screaming wildly*). Again—again! No, he shall not look at me again! He has looked at me forty-five times already! Nobody shall ever look at me again! (*She clutches at the curtain. There is no curtain.*)

THE MOTHER. There have been others.

THE FATHER. There will be others still.

THE PARROT. Forty-five times! Forty-five times! Forty-five ti—

THE OLD WOMAN. Peace, be still.

THE MOTHER. In heaven's name.

THE OLD WOMAN. I was there. I saw it all. My nephew is gardener at the château.

THE MOTHER. Spare us! Spare us! In heaven's name! In heaven's name!

THE OLD WOMAN. I met him in a garden walk. His eyes—how they smiled! And his lips! He was so beautiful! And he threw me this crown-piece. See!

THE PARROT (*tweaking its bars*). See! See! See!

THE OLD WOMAN. The children threw flowers before them. And the little Baroness herself—she gave me this rose. A bride rose,—But this young girl—what is it that she has?

[The forty-sixth man appears with a flag and a lantern.]

THE DAUGHTER (*throwing herself on the floor with a shriek*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

THE MOTHER. There will be others.

THE FATHER. There will be three,—three.

THE OLD WOMAN. What is the matter?

THE PARROT. What is the matter?

THE MOTHER. We shall be there soon.

THE FATHER. One of the doctors will come down to meet us.

[Low hills begin to appear. In the moonlight an owl hoots from the branches of a blasted oak.]

THE MOTHER (*to the OLD WOMAN*). I hear an owl. Where does he sit?

THE OLD WOMAN. On that oak tree.

THE FATHER (*to the OLD WOMAN*). I see an owl on that oak tree. What does he say?

THE OLD WOMAN. To-wit, to-woo!

THE PARROT (*embellishing*). To-wit, to-woo! To-wit, to-woo, to-wed! To-woo, to-wed!

THE DAUGHTER (*screaming madly, as she tries to throw herself through the door*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

[The moonlight begins to fail; the moon is no longer a circle.]

THE OLD WOMAN (*fluttering the leaves of an almanac*). See! The eclipse begins!

[The hills grow higher. The forty-seventh flagman flashes by.]

THE DAUGHTER (*screaming and tearing her hair*). Oh! Oh! Oh!

[The glass pane in the door drops with a sudden crash. An affrighted raven perches on the ledge. The moon darkens continually. The hills become steep — precipitous — half in light and half in shadow.]

THE RAVEN (*flapping his wings*). Caw! Caw! Caw!

THE PARROT (*flapping his wings*). Caw! Caw! Caw!

[The forty-eighth flagman flashes by. The JEUNE FILLE begins to scream, and screams without ceasing to the end.]

THE OLD WOMAN (*drawing back*). Alack! What have we here?

THE PARROT. What have we here? Here? Here?

[The light overhead suddenly expires.]

THE OLD WOMAN. I am eighty years old, and never before have I seen such a —

THE MOTHER (*to the FATHER*). Is it not yet in sight?

THE FATHER. Is it — What do you say?

THE MOTHER. Is it not yet in sight?

THE OLD WOMAN. Do I not see a row of lighted windows on that hillside?

THE MOTHER. May it be so!

THE PARROT. Maybe so! Maybe so! Maybe so!

[The train suddenly enters a tunnel. Above the tenfold increase of the roar shrill the screams of the JEUNE FILLE.]

THE OLD WOMAN. I am eighty years old—

THE PARROT. I am eighty years old!

THE OLD WOMAN. And never before have I seen—

THE PARROT. Never seen—Never—never—never!

[The train and its passengers and its noise are all lost in the tunnel.]

H. B. F.

A LYRIC OF JOY

I KNOW a little henchman
Who sets a yellow star
To seal the cinders of the night
Within a hollow jar.

And when the jar is broken,
A marvel has been done;
There lies within the rosy dusk
That coal we call the sun.

But more than any wonder
That makes the rose of dawn,
Is that inheritance of joy
My heart is happy on.

BLISS CARMAN.





PIERROT

BY RAYMOND M. CROSBY

SERENADE

(1250 A. D.)

WITH stars, with trailing galaxies,
Like a white rose-bower in bloom,
Darkness garlands the vaulted skies,
Day's adorn'd tomb;
A whisper without from the briny west
Thrills and sweetens the gloom;
Within, Miranda seeks her rest
High in her turret-room.
Armies upon her walls encamp
In silk and silver thread;
Chased and fretted her silver lamp
Dimly lights her bed;
And now the silken screen is drawn,
The velvet coverlets spread;
And the pillow of down and snowy lawn
Mantles about her head;
With violet-scented rain
Sprinkle the rushy floor;
Let the tapestry hide the tinted pane,
And cover the chamber-door;
But leave a glimmering beam,
Miranda belamour,
To touch and gild my waking dream,
For I am your troubadour.
I sound my throbbing lyre,
And sing to myself below;
Her damsel sits beside the fire
Crooning a song I know;
The tapestry shakes on the wall,
The shadows hurry and go,

The silent flames leap up and fall,
And the muttering birch-logs glow.
Deep and sweet she sleeps,
Because of her love for me;
And deep and sweet the peace that keeps
My happy heart in fee!
Peace on the heights, in the deeps,
Peace over hill and lea,
Peace through the starlit steeps,
Peace on the starlit sea,
Because a simple maiden sleeps
Dreaming a dream of me!

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THE DEVIL'S MANUSCRIPT

CHAPTER I.—*The Black Packet.*

M. DE BAC? De Bac? I do not know the name."
"Gentleman says he knows you, sir, and has called on urgent business."

There was no answer, and John Brown, the ruined publisher, looked about him in a dazed manner. He knew he was ruined; to-morrow the world would know it also, and then—beggary stared him in the face, and infamy, too. For this the world would not care. Brown was not a great man in "the trade," and his name in "*The Gazette*" would not attract notice; but his name, as he stood in the felon's dock, and the ugly history a cross-examination might disclose, would probably arouse a fleeting interest, and then, the world would go on with a pitiless shrug of its shoulders. What does it matter to the moving wave of humanity if one little drop of spray from its crest is blown into nothing by the wind? Not a jot. But it was a terrible business for the

drop of spray, otherwise John Brown, publisher. He was at his best not a good-looking man, rather mean-looking than otherwise, with a thin, angular face, eyes as shifty as a jackal's and shoulders shaped like a champagne-bottle. As the shadow of coming ruin darkened over him, he seemed to shrink and look meaner than ever. He had almost forgotten the presence of his clerk. He could think of nothing but the morrow, when Simmond's voice again broke the stillness.

"Shall I say you will see him, sir?"

The question cut sharply into the silence, and brought Brown to himself. He had half a mind to say "No." In the face of the coming to-morrow, business, urgent or otherwise, was nothing to him. Yet, after all, there could be no harm done in receiving the man. It would, at any rate, be a distraction, and, lifting his head, Brown answered—

"Yes, I will see him, Simmonds."

Simmonds went out, closing the green baize door behind him. There was a delay of a moment, and M. De Bac entered—a tall, thin figure, bearing an oblong parcel, packed in shiny, black paper, and sealed with flame-coloured wax.

"Good day, Mr. Brown;" and M. De Bac, who, for all his foreign name spoke perfect English, extended his hand.

Brown rose, put his own cold fingers into the warm grasp of his visitor, and offered him a seat.

"With your permission, Mr. Brown, I will take this other chair. It is nearer the fire. I am accustomed to warm climates, as you doubtless perceive;" and De Bac suiting his action to his words, placed his packet on the table, and began to slowly rub his long, lean fingers together. The publisher glanced at him with some curiosity. M. De Bac was as dark as an Italian, with clear, resolute features, and a moustache curled at the ends, thick enough to hide the sarcastic curve of his thin lips. He was strongly, if

sparely built, and his fiery black eyes met Brown's gaze with a look that ran through him like a needle.

"You do not appear to recognize me, Mr. Brown?"—De Bac's voice was very quiet and deep-toned.

"I have not the honour——" began the publisher; but his visitor interrupted him.

"You mistake. We are quite old friends; and in time will always be very near each other. I have a minute or two to spare"—he glanced at a repeater—"and will prove to you that I know you. You are John Brown, that very religious young man of Battersea, who twelve years ago ruined a girl at Homerton, and sent her to—but no matter. You attracted my attention then; but, unfortunately, I had no time to devote to you. Subsequently, you affected a pretty little swindle—do n't be angry, Mr. Brown—it *was* very clever. Then you started in business on your own account, and married. Things went well with you, you know the art of getting at a low price, and selling at a high one. You are a born 'sweater.' Pardon the word. You know how to keep men down like beasts, and go up yourself. In doing this, you did me yeoman's service, although you are even now not aware of this. You had one fault, you have it still, and had you not been a gambler you might have been a rich man. Speculation is a bad thing, Brown—I mean gambling speculation."

Brown was an Englishman, and it goes without saying that he had courage. But there was something in De Bac's manner, some strange power in the steady stare of those black eyes, that held him to his seat as if pinned there.

As De Bac stopped, however, Brown's anger gave him strength. Every word that was said was true, and stung like the lash of a whip. He rose white with anger.

"Sir!" he began with quivering lips, and made a step forwards. Then he stopped. It was as if the sombre fire

in De Bac's gaze withered his strength. An invisible hand seemed to drag him back into his seat and hold him there.

"You are hasty, Mr. Brown;" and De Bac's even voice continued: "you are really very rash. I was about to tell you a little more of your history, to tell you you are ruined, and to-morrow everyone in London—it is the world for you, Brown—will know you are a beggar, and many will know you are a cheat."

The publisher swore bitterly under his breath.

"You see, Mr. Brown," continued his strange visitor, "I know all about you, and you will be surprised, perhaps, to hear that you deserve help from me. You are too useful to let drift. I have therefore come to save you."

"Save me?"

"Yes. By means of this manuscript here," he pointed to the packet, "which you are going to publish."

Brown now realised that he was dealing with a lunatic. He tried to stretch out his arm to touch the bell on the table; but found that he had no power to do so. He made an attempt to shout to Simmonds; but his tongue moved inaudibly in his mouth. He seemed only to have the faculty of following De Bac's words, and of answering them. He gasped out—

"It is impossible!"

"My friend"—and De Bac smiled mirthlessly—"you will publish that manuscript. I will pay. The profits will be yours. It will make your name, and you will be rich. You will even be able to build a church."

"Rich!" Brown's voice was very bitter. "M. De Bac, you said rightly. I am a ruined man. Even if you were to pay for the publication of that manuscript I could not do it now. It is too late. There are other houses. Go to them."

"But not other John Browns. You are peculiarly adapted

for my purpose. Enough of this! I know what business is, and I have many things to attend to. You are a small man, Mr. Brown, and it will take little to remove your difficulties. See! Here are a thousand pounds. They will free you from your present troubles," and De Bac tossed a pocket-book on the table before Brown. "I do not want a receipt," he went on. "I will call to-morrow for your final answer, and to settle details. If you need it I will give you more money. This hour—twelve—will suit me. *Adieu!*" He was gone like a flash, and Brown looked around in blank amazement. He was as if suddenly aroused from a dream. He could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, although he could see the black packet, and the neat leather pocket-book with the initials "L. De B." let in in silver on the outside. He rang his bell violently, and Simmonds appeared.

"Has M. De Bac gone?"

"I do n't know sir. He didn't pass out through the door."

"There is no other way. You must have been asleep."

"Indeed I was not, sir."

Brown felt a chill as of cold fingers running down his backbone, but pulled himself together with an effort. "It does not matter, Simmonds. You may go."

Simmonds went out scratching his head. "How the devil did he get out?" he asked himself. "Must have been sleeping after all. The gov'nor seems a bit dotty to-day. It's the smash coming—sure."

He wrote a letter or two, and then taking his hat, sallied forth to an aerated bread-shop for his cheap and wholesome lunch, for Simmonds was a saving young man, engaged to a young lady living out Camden Town way. Simmonds perfectly understood the state of affairs, and was not a little anxious about matters, for the mother of his *fiancée*, a widow

who let lodgings, had only agreed to his engagement after much persuasion; and if he had to announce the fact that instead of "thirty bob a week," as he put it, that his income was nothing at all, there would be an end of everything.

"M'ria's all right," he said to his friend Wilkes, in trustful confidence as they sat over their lunch; "but that old torpedo"—by which name he designated his mother-in-law elect—"she'll raise Cain if there's a smash-up."

In the meantime, John Brown tore open the pocket-book with shaking hands, and, with a crisp rustling, a number of new bank-notes fell out, and lay in a heap before him. He counted them one by one. They totalled to a thousand pounds exactly. He was a small man. M. De Bac had said so truly, if a little rudely, and the money was more than enough to stave off ruin. De Bac had said, too, that if needed he would give him more, and then Brown fell to trembling all over. He was like a man snatched from the very jaws of death. At Battersea he wore a blue ribbon; but now he went to the cabinet, filled a glass with raw brandy, and drained it at a gulp. In a minute or so the generous cordial warmed his chilled blood, and picking up the notes, he counted them again, and thrust them into his breast-pocket. After this he paced the room up and down in a feverish manner, longing for the morrow when he could settle up the most urgent demands against him. Then, on a sudden, a thought struck him. It was almost as if it had been whispered in his ear. Why trouble at all about matters? He had a clear thousand with him, and in an hour he could be out of the country! He hesitated, but prudence prevailed. Extradition laws stretched everywhere; and there was another thing—that extraordinary madman, De Bac, had promised more money on the morrow. After all, it was better to stay.

As he made this resolve his eyes fell on the black packet

on the table. The peculiar colour of the seals attracted his attention. He bent over them, and saw that the wax bore an impress of a V-shaped shield, within which was set a trident. He noticed also that the packet was tied with silver thread. His curiosity was excited. He sat down, snipped the threads with a penknife, tore off the black paper covering, flung it into the fire, and saw before him a bulky manuscript exquisitely written on very fine paper. A closer examination showed that they were a number of short stories. Now Brown was in no mood to read; but the title of the first tale caught his eye, and the writing was so legible that he had glanced over half a dozen lines before he was aware of the fact. Those first half-dozen lines were sufficient to make him read the page, and when he had read the page the publisher felt he was before the work of a genius.

He was unable to stop now; and, with his head resting between his hands, he read on tirelessly. Simmonds came in once or twice and left papers on the table, but his master took no notice of him. Brown forgot all about his lunch, and turning over page after page read as if spell-bound. He was a business man, and was certain the book would sell in thousands. He read as one inspired to look into the author's thoughts and see his design. Short as the stories were, they were Titanic fragments, and every one of them taught a hideous lesson of corruption. Some of them, cloaked in a religious garb, breathed a spirit of pitiless ferocity; others were rich with the sensuous odours of an Eastern garden; others again were as the tender green of moss hiding the treacherous deeps of a quicksand; and all of them bore the hall-mark of genius. They moved the man sitting there to tears, they shook him with laughter, they seemed to rock his very soul asleep; but through it all he saw, as the mariner views the beacon fire on a rocky coast, the deadly plan of the writer. There was money in them—thousands—and

all was to be his. Brown's sluggish blood was running to flame, a strange strength glowed in his face, and an uncontrollable admiration for De Bac's evil power filled him. The book, when published, might corrupt generations yet unborn; but that was nothing to Brown. It meant thousands for him, and an eternal fame to De Bac. He did not grudge the writer the fame as long as he kept the thousands.

"By God!" and he brought his fist down on the table with a crash, "the man may be a lunatic; but he is the greatest genius the world ever saw—or he is the devil incarnate."

And somebody laughed softly in the room.

The publisher looked up with a start, and saw Simmonds standing before him.

"Did you laugh, Simmonds?"

"No sir!" replied the clerk with a surprised look.

"Who laughed, then?"

"There is no one here but ourselves, sir—and I didn't laugh."

"Did you hear nothing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Strange!" and Brown began to feel chill again.

"What time is it?" he asked with an effort.

"It is half-past six, sir."

"So late as that? You may go, Simmonds. Leave me the keys. I will be here for some time. Good evening."

"Mad as a coot," muttered Simmonds to himself, "must break the news to M'ria to-night. Oh, Lord!" and his eyes were very wet as he went out into the Strand, and got into a blue omnibus.

When he was gone, Brown turned to the fire, poker in hand. To his surprise he saw that the black paper was still there, burning red hot, and the wax of the seals was still intact—the seals themselves shining like orange glow-lights.

He beat at the paper with the poker; but instead of crumbling to ashes it yielded passively to the stroke, and came back to its original shape. Then a fury came on Brown. He raked at the fire, threw more coals over the paper, and blew at the flames with his bellows until they roared up the chimney; but still the coppery glare of the packet-cover never turned to the grey of ashes. Finally, he could endure it no longer, and, putting the manuscript into the safe, turned off the electric light and stole out of his office like a thief.

CHAPTER II.—*The Red Trident.*

When Beggarman, Bowles & Co., of Providence Passage, Lombard Street, called at eleven o'clock on the morning following DeBac's visit, their representative was not a little surprised to find the firm's bills met in hard cash, and Simmonds paid him with a radiant face. When the affair was settled, the clerk leaned back in his chair, saying half-aloud to himself, "By George! I am glad after all M'ria did not keep our appointment in the Camden Road last night." Then his face began to darken. "Wonder where she could have been, though?" his thoughts ran on; "half sorry I introduced her to Wilkes last Sunday at the Victoria Park. Wilkes ain't half the man I am, though," and he tried to look at himself in the window pane, "but he has two pound ten a week—Lord! There's the guv'nor ringing." He hurried into Brown's room, received a brief order, and was about to go back when the publisher spoke again.

"Simmonds!"

"Sir."

"If M. De Bac calls, show him in at once."

"Sir," and the clerk went out.

Left to himself, Brown tried to go on with the manu-

script; but was not able to do so. He was impatient for the coming of De Bac, and kept watching the hands of the clock as they slowly travelled toward twelve. When he came to the office in the morning Brown had looked with a nervous fear in the fireplace, half expecting to find the black paper still there; and it was a considerable relief to his mind to find it was not. He could do nothing, not even open the envelopes of the letters that lay on his table. He made an effort to find occupation in the morning's paper. It was full of some absurd correspondence on a trivial subject, and he wondered at the thousands of fools who could waste time in writing and in reading yards of print on the theme of "Whether women should wear neckties." The ticking of the clock irritated him. He flung the paper aside, just as the door opened and Simmonds came in. For a moment Brown thought he had come to announce De Bac's arrival; but no—Simmonds simply placed a square envelope on the table before Brown.

"Pass-book from Bransom's, sir, just come in;" and he went out.

Brown took it up mechanically, and opened the envelope. A type-written letter fell out with the pass-book. He ran his eyes over it with astonishment. It was briefly to inform him that M. De Bac had paid into Brown's account yesterday afternoon the sum of five thousand pounds, and that, adjusting overdrafts, the balance at his credit was four thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds thirteen shillings and three pence. Brown rubbed his eyes. Then he hurriedly glanced at the pass-book. The figures tallied—there was no error, no mistake. He pricked himself with his pen-knife to see if he was awake, and finally shouted to Simmonds: "Read this letter aloud to me, Simmonds," he said.

Simmond's eyes opened, but he did as he was bidden, and there was no mistake about the account.

"Anything else, sir?" asked Simmonds, when he had finished.

"No—nothing," and Brown was once more alone. He sat staring at the figures before him in silence, almost mesmerising himself with the intentness of his gaze.

"My God!" he burst out at last, in absolute wonder.

"Who is your God, Brown?" answered a deep voice.

"I—I—M. De Bac! How did you come?"

"I did not drop down the chimney," said De Bac with a grin; "your clerk announced me in the ordinary way, but you were so absorbed you did not hear. So I took the liberty of sitting in this chair, and awaiting your return to earthly matters. You were dreaming, Brown;—by the way, who *is* your God?" he repeated with a low laugh.

"I—I do not understand, sir."

"Possibly not, possibly not. I would n't bother about the matter. Ah! I see Bransom's have sent you your pass-book! Sit down, Brown. I hate to see a man fidgetting about—I paid in that amount yesterday on a second thought. It is enough—eh?"

Brown's jackal eyes contracted. Perhaps he could get more out of De Bac? But a look at the strong, impassive face before him frightened him.

"More than enough, sir," he stammered; and then with a rush, "I am grateful—anything I can do for you?"

"Oh! I know, I know, Brown;—by the way, you do not object to smoke?"

"Certainly not. I do not smoke myself."

"In Battersea, eh?" And De Bac, pulling out a silver cheroot case, held it out to Brown. But the publisher declined.

"Money would n't buy a smoke like that in England," remarked De Bac, "but as you will. I would n't smoke if I were you. Such abstinence looks respectable and means

nothing." He put a cigar between his lips, and pointed his forefinger at the end. To Brown's amazement an orange-flame licked out from under the finger-nail, and vanished like a flash of lightning; but the cigar was alight, and its fragrant odour filled the room. It reached even Simmonds, who sniffed at it like a buck scenting the morning air "By George!" he exclaimed in wonder, "what 'baccy!"

M. De Bac settled himself comfortably in his chair, and spoke with his cigar between his teeth. "Now you have recovered a little from your surprise, Brown, I may as well tell you that I never carry matches. This little scientific discovery I have made is very convenient, is it not?"

"I have never seen anything like it."

"There are a good many things you have not seen, Brown—but to work. Take a pencil and paper and note down what I say. You can tell me when I have done if you agree or not."

Brown did as he was told, and De Bac spoke slowly and carefully.

"The money I have given you is absolutely your own on the following terms. You will publish the manuscript I left with you, enlarge your business, and work as you have hitherto worked as a 'sweater.' You may speculate as much as you like. You will not lose. You need not avoid the publication of religious books, but you must never give in charity secretly. I do not object to a big cheque for a public object, and your name in all the papers. It will be well for you to hound down the vicious. Never give them a chance to recover themselves. You will be a legislator. Stongly uphold all those measures, which, under a moral cloak, will do harm to mankind. I do not mention them. I do not seek to hamper you with detailed instructions. Work on these general lines, and you will do what I want. A word more. It will be advisable whenever you have a

chance to call public attention to a great evil, which is also a vice. Thousands who have never heard of it before will hear of it then—and human nature is very frail. You have noted all this down?"

"I have. You are a strange man, M. De Bac."

M. De Bac frowned, and Brown began to tremble.

"I do not permit you to make observations about me, Mr. Brown."

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Do not do so again. Will you agree to all this, I promise you unexampled prosperity for ten years. At the end of that time I will want you elsewhere. And you must agree to take a journey with me."

"A long one, sir?" Brown's voice was just a shade satirical.

M. De Bac smiled oddly. "No—in your case I promise a quick passage. These are all the conditions I attach to my gift of six thousand pounds to you."

Brown's amazement did not blind him to the fact of the advantage he had, as he thought, over his visitor. The six thousand pounds were already his, and he had given no promise. With a sudden boldness he spoke out.

"And if I decline?"

"You will return me my money, and my book, and I will go elsewhere."

"The manuscript, yes—but if I refuse to give back the money?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" M. De Bac's mirthless laugh chilled Brown to the bone. "Very good, Brown—but you won't refuse. Sign that like a good fellow," and he flung a piece of paper towards Brown, who saw that it was a promissory note, drawn up in his name, agreeing to pay M. De Bac the sum of six thousand pounds on demand.

"I shall do no such thing," said Brown stoutely.

M. De Bac made no answer, but calmly touched the bell. In a half-minute Simmonds appeared.

"Be good enough to witness Mr. Brown's signature to that document," said De Bac to him, and then fixed his gaze on Brown. There was a moment of hesitation, and then—the publisher signed his name, and Simmonds did likewise as a witness. When he had gone, De Bac carefully put the paper by in a letter-case he drew from his vest pocket.

"Your scientific people would call this an exhibition of odic force, Brown—eh?"

Brown made no answer. He was shaking in every limb, and great pearls of sweat rolled down his forehead.

"You see, Brown," continued De Bac, "after all you are a free agent. Either agree to my terms and keep the money, or say you will not, pay me back, receive your note-of-hand, and I go elsewhere with my book. Come—time is precious."

And from Brown's lips there hissed a low "I agree."

"Then that is settled." and De Bac rose from his chair. "There is a little thing more—stretch out your arm, like a good fellow—the right arm."

Brown did so; and De Bac placed his forefinger on his wrist, just between what palmists call "the lines of life." The touch was as that of a red-hot iron, and with a quick cry Brown drew back his hand and looked at it. On his wrist was a small red trident, as cleanly marked as if it had been tattooed into the skin. The pain was but momentary; and, as he looked at the mark, he heard De Bac say, "Adieu, once more, Brown. I will find my way out—do n't trouble to rise." Brown heard him wish Simmonds an affable "Good-day," and he was gone.

S. LEVETT YEATS.

(*To be continued.*)



THE SUICIDE

BY CLAUDE FAYETTE BRAGDON

NOTES

¶ Je n'aime pas les si jeunes gens : ils sont ennuyeux et sentimentals comme les harmonicas. Henri Murger,

As the details have transpired concerning the new English magazine, "The Savoy," my astonishment at its first announcement has been increased. I had supposed the vogue of artistic quarterlies at an end, and in spite of the merit of recent "Yellow Books" I had not thought their success with the public such as would lead another publisher to imitation. I presume I was wrong.

The prospectus contains names of considerable prominence: Mr. George Moore, M. Paul Verlaine, Mr. G. Bernard Shaw, "John Oliver Hobbes," Mr. Frank Harris, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Miss Mathilde Blind, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Havelock Ellis, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Signor Cesare Lombroso, M. Degas, M. Forain, Mr. Will Rothenstein, Mr. C. H. Shannon and M. Anquetin. A formidable and interesting array, in spite of which I feel that the enterprise is impossible from the start. The editors are Mr. Arthur Symons and Mr. Aubrey Beardsley.

They are men of great cleverness and no little real ability, but men who are decadent in the unpleasant sense of the word. Mr. Symons has become notorious for his immoral pose; he has sought a reputation for wickedness and, in some quarters he has, doubtless been successful. His latest book, "London Nights," is a simple calendar of depravity, a record of prostitutions. Had Mr. Symons been a religious fanatic, laboring with flagellant intent he could not more completely have abased him.

Perhaps the most generous view to take of his writing is to believe it sincere. While in doing this you damn him completely for a man wholly vicious, to believe him merely

posing—to think his expression of vice no more than an assumption—is to damn his task and sense of decency with equal vigour

As for Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, he is a man of such splendid gifts that one had hoped to overlook qualities less attractive. His work, however, has often been so obtrusively indecent that this is impossible, at best—one has many misgivings as to the morality of his future work.

The announcement of the new magazine would hardly lead us to believe that decadent days are over or that degeneration is any the less pronounced. The reaction against the "new school" which followed the Wilde trial and which gave Mr. Henry Quilter the opportunity for asinity he so blatantly embraced, was not lasting; the *fin-de-siècle* pose was not worn out, and now it comes to us again in all its unattractiveness. It cannot last. "The Savoy" is absurd, impossible, and Mr. Leonard Smithers, the publisher, will soon find it out—probably to personal discomfiture of himself and his associates.

¶ A while ago I printed a quaint bit of doggerel entitled, "Ye Ballad of Betsy." A correspondent sends me another ballad of the same date, which I print as interesting for the curious modernity of its tone,

THE BALLAD OF PATTY AND THE DOOK.

Patty she was a maiden fair:—
To London town she did repair.

She was a maid of low degree
But she trusted much to her beautee.

She found a place in Cavendish square—
A widowed duchess was living there.

The duchess had an only child :

He was her son and rather wild.

Patty was fly and she quickly took
The ardent heart of the youthful dook.

He whispered to her one evening fair ;—

“Patty, Patty, I like your hair.

“I like your eyes and I like your style,

“I’ll try to love you a little while.”

But Patty repulsed the ardent dook
With a witching frown and a stern rebuke ;—

“I am perfectly willing to be your wife

“And wear your coronet all my life,

“But you’re mistaken if you think

“I’ll take on any other link.”

The youthful dook was fairly won

(He was his mother’s only son).

“I swear I’ll make you my duchess,” he said,

“As soon as I’m of age we’ll wed.”

His eager suit and his ardent word

His mother the widowed duchess heard,

And she said to herself, in French said she :—

“Je leur casserai les coeurs, pardii!”

And so next morning she arose

And she says to her son : “Put on your clothes,

Put on your ducal coronet,

Take your umbrella, it may be wet.”

The dook arose, put on his clothes,

His coronet and eke his hose.

A ship lay ready at the wharf ;

The dook and his mother, they are off.

When Patty found her dook was gone
Like a raving lunatic she took on.

But wiser counsels soon prevailed
And in a second ship she sailed,

She chased them across the raging main—
The duchess's ruse was all in vain,

For Patty snatched her dook awa'
And the duchess became her mother-in-law.

¶ Since the days of Edward Lear or the appearance of "Alice in Wonderland," I have not met with any more charming bit of nonsense than a sentence an exchange prints from the advance sheets of Miss Gertrude Smith's "Arabella and Araminta Stories," which Messrs. Copeland and Day are to publish for Christmas. The book is to have illustrations by Miss Ethel Reed and a preface by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and—if it is all as delightful as this—it is certain to become a classic.

"And Arabella picked a poppy and Araminta picked a poppy and Arabella picked a poppy and Araminta picked a poppy and Arabella picked a poppy and Araminta picked a poppy (*et sic ad nauseam*) until they each had a large bunch!"

¶ It is an interesting comment on the financial success of books written by women that a London publisher lately offered a distinguished novelist an extra £200 if the latter would consent to have his latest story issued under an assumed and feminine name.

¶ There has appeared recently in some of the Literary Journals, the advertisement of a man who offers to furnish plots for aspiring novelists. At first blush it seemed a shocking thing and I was anxious to overthrow the man. He was

an outsider—a philistine—entering a sacred field and he deserved destruction. On second thoughts, however, he brings up the whole question of collaboration, which is, to say the least, a debatable one. The furnishing of plots is precisely the function of many a worker in double harness. And it is certainly no greater sin to buy a plot outright than to purchase it on the half-profit plan. The advertiser's scheme is a perfectly legitimate one, and it is, moreover, capable of splendid elaboration. I myself, for instance, have a collection of excellent titles, for which I despair of finding suitable stories; I have, too, wonderful stories which I am quite unable to write; and there come moments of self-confidence when I feel capable of the lasting lyrical expression of great thoughts, had I but the great thoughts. And so on. The advertiser was right; his plan was the only sensible one and it would be well for others to follow the example. If only Mr. Eric Mackay had bought some ideas; if Mr. Hamlin Garland would invest in a style; if Mr. J. K. Bangs could rent a sense of humour—purchase a means of expression and steal an excuse for writing;—what charming compositions we should have! If—as the “Yellow Dwarf” suggests—Mr. George Moore's “Mildred Lawson” could be rewritten by some one who knows English—what a masterpiece it would be!

¶ It can hardly be doubted that long before the present emancipation of woman there were many ladies who, while leading an orderly and secluded life, had cultivated and refined minds, and possessed no mean amount of general knowledge. The charm of their intelligence was felt as an attainment, their study and reading was a thing taken for granted as an occupation of their solitary hours. At present the conditions seem much changed and we see rather the pursuit, than the results of culture. Women hunt it down in regiments, study behind the footlights, as it were, and

among other women rather than among books. Wisdom is communicated wholly by word of mouth, and there is nothing for a knowledge of which womankind may thirst, but there is also a woman ready to lecture upon it.

Learning from lectures is, of course, in no wise impossible; it is indeed an accepted academic method. But the qualifications of a university lecturer have been more strictly examined into than those of the ordinary female priestess of culture. Indeed for her there are but two alternative requisites; she must have an attractive presence and personality, or, usually, as the result of an unfortunate married life, she must stand in present need of charity. She may then go "parlor-lecturing" before an infinity of clubs. One is reminded of John Davidson's doggerell:

"For a caravan is the only plan;

Hurry my toms and trulls!

Ho-ye-ho, and a rumble-low!

Pay your penny, and see the show:

This is the age of gulls."

The "lady lecturess" has discovered that the inner meaning of the Wagner Cycle is that Brunhilde's father was not kind to her, that the marvel of Renaissance architecture is that it has three dimensions; such are her profundities. She confuses the charm of Greek sculpture with the merits of Jaeger flannels, and the appreciation of Elizabethan Lyrics with questions of "voice culture" and the "Delsarte method." She interlards her remarks with "art truths," "cultural effort," and like terms of the technique of inanity. And while she flounders before her hearers, the books of the masters gather dust in the recesses of our libraries.

The decay of private life among women has perhaps made it inevitable that culture should become a public function rather than a private delight. But it is surely sad that so fine an energy should show no real result, and that eagerness

in the chase has come to excuse the emptiness of the game bag.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- THE WISH:** By HERMAN SUDERMAN. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 12mo.
- LITTLE RIVERS:** By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, \$2.00.
- THE ART OF LIVING:** By ROBERT GRANT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated, \$2.50.
- THE BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS AND OTHER STORIES:** By ROBERT GRANT: New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated, \$1.50.
- THE ACADEMY SONG BOOK:** By CHARLES H. LEVERMORE and FREDERIC REDDALL. Boston: Ginn & Co. Small 4to.
- WATCHERS OF TWILIGHT AND OTHER POEMS:** By ARTHUR J. STRINGER. London, Ontario: T. H. Warren.
- PAULINE AND OTHER POEMS:** By ARTHUR J. STRINGER. London, Ontario: T. H. Warren. Small 4to.
- SONGS OF SPRING:** By LOUIS M. ELSHEMUS. Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co. Illustrated, 16mo.
- THE MOODS OF A SOUL:** By LOUIS M. ELSHEMUS. Buffalo: Charles W. Moulton. 16mo.
- ORATIONS, ADDRESSES AND CLUB ESSAYS:** By HON. GEORGE A SANDERS. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 12mo.
- THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK:** By RUDYARD KIPLING. Illustrated. 12mo. New York: The Century Co.



THE CHAP-BOOK

SEMI-MONTHLY. SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION: ONE DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE. THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY AND ITS BRANCHES. ADVERTISING RATES TO BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO THE PUBLISHERS,

STONE & KIMBALL

THE CAXTON BUILDING: CHICAGO.

Entered at the Chicago Post Office as Second Class Matter.

¶ *The CHAP-BOOK offers two prizes of five dollars each for contributions to be printed, unsigned, in the department "Notes" of the issue of January 1st, '95. Contributions must not be longer than a CHAP-BOOK page, and must be received in Chicago on or before December 18th. Contributors will please mark "Notes" on the outside of their MSS.*



I recently gave your malt
extract to

A Child . . .
on which I had tried al-
most everything without
any benefit. The child
was very anemic, and
was Run Down
to almost a skeleton, but
after taking

..Pabst...
Malt Extract
The "Sweet" Tonic
soon began to im-
prove rapidly, and is to-
day as rosy and plump
as a child can be. I have
tried it on

A Lady . . .
who had had typhoid
fever and whose
Convalescence
was very slow.
She could gain no
Strength
until she took The "Sweet"
Tonic, when the result
was Really
Marvelous

DR. P. O. WALKER,
Sand Beach, Mich.

PABST
MILWAUKEE

**LINEN
TYPE
WRITING
PAPERS**

Made of selected linen rags, Plate finished, insuring perfect copies. For manifolding unequalled. To Railway and Insurance Companies, Manufacturers, Merchants, and Bankers, we recommend this brand.

ASK FOR OUR PAPERS

FAIRFIELD PAPER COMPANY,

Makers of Bonds, Ledgers,
and Linen Papers

Mills at FAIRFIELD, MASS.

THE Publishers of The CHAP-BOOK announce that by arrangement with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company, publishers of THE BOOKMAN, they can offer THE BOOKMAN and The CHAP-BOOK together for one year, at \$2.00.

THE CHAP-BOOK

\$1.00

THE BOOKMAN

\$1.50

AMERICAN POSTERS

STONE & KIMBALL
CHICAGO

Chap-Book Posters

The Twins, by Will H. Bradley (out of print)	
The Blue Lady, " " " "	- .50
The Poet and His Lady, by Will H. Bradley,	- .50
May, " " "	- .50
The Pipes, " " "	- .50
Pegasus, " " "	.50
Thanksgiving " " "	.50
The Red Lady, by Frank Hazenplug, -	.25
When Hearts Are Trumps, by Will H. Bradley	.50
The Green Tree Library, by Henry McCarter -	.50
Two Women and a Fool, by C. D. Gibson (out of print)	

STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.

STONE & KIMBALL'S PUBLICATIONS

WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC

The Story of a Lost Napoleon. With a cover designed by Bruce Rogers. 16mo. \$1.50.

"Mr. Parker has already done some strong work, but never anything nearly so good as this. Valmond is magnificently drawn."—*Athenæum*.

**GILBERT
PARKER**

"Here we find romance—real, living, breathing romance. The character of Valmond is drawn unerringly."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"It is, so far, the one work of genius which the fiction of 1895 has produced."—*New Age*.

"Subtle in conception and handling, with a fine blending of the romantic and idyllic sentiment, a delicate touch of character drawing, and an excellent style in narrative."—*Realm*.

THE GODS GIVE MY DONKEY WINGS

Small 16mo. Bound in cloth, with a conventionalized carnation design. \$1.00.

**ANGUS
EVAN
ABBOTT**

A whimsical story of a packman in Arcadia, written in a style likely to win for the book reputation with all lovers of real literature.

(In the Carnation Series)

A LITTLE SISTER TO THE WILDERNESS

By the author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid."

With a cover designed by Bruce Rogers. 16mo. 267 pages. \$1.25.

"The old story, but never told with such rich pathos, such rare humor, such sweet sympathy."—*Rochester Herald*.

**LILIAN
BELL**

"No more tender idyl was ever written than Lilian Bell's 'Little Sister to the Wilderness.' . . . It is a picture of humble life so cleverly drawn that we live in it from the first page to the last."—*New York World*.

"'A Little Sister to the Wilderness' is an American story of excellent quality, interesting from first page to last."—*Independent*.

STONE & KIMBALL'S PUBLICATIONS

VAILIMA LETTERS

Being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, November, 1890—October, 1894. With a frontispiece from an etching by William Strang. 2 volumes. 16mo, bound in crushed buckram, \$2.25.

"They constitute a remarkable piece of autobiography, especially relating to Stevenson's books, his literary plans, his methods of work, his opinions of his own writings—all discussed with great frankness and a natural charm of style that will surely make these letters classical.—McClure's Magazine.

New

Books

in

MACAIRE

Uniform

A Melodramatic Farce in Three Acts. By Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. 16mo, bound in crushed buckram, \$1.00.

Binding

by

THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT

the

From the Clyde to Sandy Hook. 16 mo. \$1.25.

late

Mr. Stevenson's account of his journey to America—written nearly fifteen years ago and now published in book form. His experience as a second-cabin passenger, a description of his fellow-travellers, and his adventures on landing in New York. The book is charming in style, wittily attractive in narration, and unusually interesting in its novelty.

Robert

Louis

Stevenson

THE EBB TIDE

A Trio and Quartette. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. 16mo. \$1.25.

London Times: "There is just enough of the coral and the palm grove, of cerulean sky and pellucid water, to indicate, rather than to present, local coloring. Yet when he dashes in a sketch it is done to perfection....We see the scene vividly unrolled before us."

STONE & KIMBALL'S PUBLICATIONS**THE SISTER OF A SAINT AND OTHER STORIES****GRACE
ELLERY
CHAN-
NING**

16mo. Bound in cloth, with a conventionalized carnation design. \$1.00.

The stories are mostly of life among the poor in Italy. It is, however, the beauty and pathos of this Italian life, rather than its squalor and degradation, which has appealed to the author.

[In the Carnation Series]

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE**RALPH
ADAMS
CRAM**

A book of ghost stories. 16mo. Bound in cloth, with a conventionalized carnation design. \$1.00.

Ghost stories are perhaps the most difficult things to do now-a-days and the very daring of the attempt seems a promise of success.

[In the Carnation Series]

WALTER CRANE'S PICTURE BOOKS**TOY
BOOKS**

A new series, with pictures and decorations by Walter Crane. Printed in colors. Three tales bound together, with decorative end-papers. 4to. \$1.00 net. The first volume contains:

- I. This Little Pig.
- II. The King Luckieboy.
- III. The Fairy Ship.

STONE & KIMBALL'S PUBLICATIONS

Rose of Dutcher's Coolly

By the author of "Main-Travelled Roads." 12mo. \$1.50.

Hamlin

Garland

The first novel Mr. Garland has published in several years, and by far the most important work he has yet produced.

Prairie Folks

12mo. \$1.25.

New

Edition

A new edition of Mr. Garland's second volume of stories of "Main-Travelled Roads." The book has been out of print for two years or more, and is now revised and issued in uniform binding with "Rose of Coolly."

The Story of Bluebeard

*Blue-
beard*

By J. E. SOUTHALL. 16mo. \$1.25.

Newly translated and illustrated with many full page pictures.

STONE & KIMBALL'S PUBLICATIONS

THE WORKS OF

EDGAR ALLAN POE

*The
Stedman
Wood-
berry
Edition*

Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN
and GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. Ill-
ustrated by ALBERT E. STERNER. In
ten volumes. \$1.50 each, net.

New York Tribune: "At no time in the future is
it probable that the labors of his present editors and
publishers will be superseded."

New York Times: "Doubtless no other men in
this country were better fitted for this arduous and
delicate task than those who have, at length, under-
taken it."

*In the
Green
Tree
Library*

**The Massacre of the Innocents
and Other Tales**

By MAETERLINCK, EEKHOUDE, DE MOL-
DER, and other leaders of the Belgian
Renaissance. Translated by EDITH
WINGATE RINDER. 16mo. \$1.25 net.

*Eric
Mackay*

A Song of the Sea

My Lady of Dreams and Other Poems.
By the author of "The Love Letters of
a Violinist." 16mo. \$1.25.

STONE & KIMBALL'S PUBLICATIONS

**THE FATHER OF THE FOREST
AND OTHER POEMS**

**WILLIAM
WATSON**

With a portrait reproduced by photogravure. 16mo. deckled edges, \$1.25.

The appearance of a new book by Mr. Watson has come to be regarded as a literary event second only in importance to the publication of new works of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris.

This volume is noteworthy as containing the "Hymn to the Sea," and the poem written for the Burns Centennial.

**THE SIN - EATER AND OTHER
TALES AND EPISODES**

**FIONA
MACLEOD**

By the author of "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers." 16mo. Bound in cloth with a conventionalized carnation design, \$1.00

The author is a native of the Hebrides, and her writings have a touch of Northern, Ossianic mysticism which is a new note in modern English letters.

[In the Carnation Series]

TWO WOMEN AND A FOOL

**H. C.
CHAT-
FIELD
TAYLOR**

With eight full page illustrations by C. D. Gibson. 16mo. 243 pages. \$1.50.

The Story of an Actress, an Artist and a Very Sweet Girl. The scenes are laid in Chicago, London and Paris; in theatres, studios and bachelor apartments. It is the history of an infatuation—with moral interludes.

STONE & KIMBALL'S PUBLICATIONS

THE GOLDEN AGE

16mo. \$1.25.

"A bit of literature as sweet and distinguished as sought of the sort ever written. It is a book that may be read many times with increasing pleasure at each perusal."—Black and White.

KENNETH
GRAHAME

"Nothing cleverer, nothing more original, nothing more delightful, has for many months come in the way of the reviewer."—Glasgow Herald.

"Delicious little sketches of a group of children. There could be no better entertainment for an idle afternoon."—Saturday Review.

"More delightful sketches of child life have never come into our hands than those contained in this volume. He transports the reader to the golden age of childhood, and with a subtle, indescribable skill pictures child character with infinite truth and matchless charm."—Independent.

THE GYPSY CHRIST AND OTHER
TALES

Small 16mo. Bound in cloth with a conventionalized carnation design. \$1.00.

WILLIAM
SHARP

Stories of power and vivid coloring. Remarkable for variety of subject and splendid range of scenes. The characters are drawn from a half dozen different lands and peoples: from the gypsy tribes of North England to the French in North Africa: from Venice to Norway: from the docks of London to the Lake of Albano. [In the Carnation Series.

THE MARRIAGE OF GUENEVERE

A Tragedy. With a cover designed by T. B. MARYARD. 12mo. \$1.50.

RICHARD
HOVEY

"The ablest and most poetic drama of the Arthurian period since Tennyson's."—New York Herald.

"The Arthurian legend is handled with a power which really gives indication of good work to come, and the final situation [in the play] is a noble dramatic conception."—The Nation.

"It is strong evidence of Mr. Hovey's originality, as well as of his daring, that this poetic play is in the main really his, and not merely an adaptation of the 'The Idyls of the King.'"—The Academy (London).

STONE & KIMBALL'S PUBLICATIONS

GALLOPING DICK

H. B.
MARRIOTT
WATSON

Being Chapters from the Life and Fortunes
of Richard Ryder, Sometime Gentleman
of the Road. 16mo. \$1.25

The three Ryder episodes which have appeared
in the CHAP-BOOK give an idea of the strength, fasci-
nation and unusual character of what must be among
the best story books of the year.

**OUR LORD'S COMING AND CHILD-
HOOD**

KATHA-
RINE
TYNAN
HINKSON

Six Miracle Plays. With six illustrations
and a title page by PATTEN WILSON.
Crown 8vo, set in antique type, printed
on Dutch hand-made paper, \$2.00.

Mrs. Hinkson's utterance of Catholic faith is ex-
quisite in its simplicity and sincerity. Mr. Wilson's
drawings are in perfect sympathy, and the book is
altogether attractive for the holiday season.

**THE LOVE LETTERS OF MR. H. AND
MISS R.**

GILBERT
BURGESS

1775-1779. Edited by GILBERT BURGESS.
Small Crown 8vo. \$1.50.

"They are full of genuine fire, and paint a most
curious picture of the ways and manners of high
life at the end of the last century."—London Daily
Telegraph.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE



Has secured the

**GREAT
NOVELISTS**

For 1896

Rudyard Kipling
Several New Stories

Robert Louis Stevenson
"St. Ives," a historical adventure novel

Ian Maclaren
New Drumtochty Stories

Anthony Hope
The most powerful serial story of adventure of the year,
and New Zenda Stories

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
Autobiographical Papers

Bret Harte
New Californian Stories

Octave Thanet
Sarah Orne Jewett
Conan Doyle

Robert Barr
and
Stanley Weyman

Will also contribute short stories.

**The New Life of Lincoln begins in the
November Number**

Ten Cents a Copy.

\$1.00 a Year

S.S. McClure, Limited, 30 Lafayette Place, New York



The Best Investment

You cannot possibly read more than one per cent. of the literature of the day. Why lose precious hours on worthless reading, when you can have the very best only? This is what is given in CURRENT LITERATURE, from which, writes Paul D. Reese, of Athens, Ga., "I get more than from any other investment I ever made." London Vanity Fair speaks of it as a "wonderful compilation, the like of which is unknown in Europe." If you do not know it, mention this advertisement and a sample copy will be sent free. Current Literature is \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. Send for Clubbing List. The Current Literature Publishing Co., New York.

BOOKS for the HOLIDAY SEASON THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM

Variorum Edition

Edited by NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, with decorative title-page and cover. One Vol., 12mo, cloth, deckled-edge paper, gilt top, \$3.00; or half levant morocco, gilt top, \$4.00.

De Luxe Edition on hand made paper, gilt top, 250 numbered copies \$5.00. This edition will include not only the two Fitzgerald versions but six others, Whinfield's, McCarthy's, the French of Nicolas, two German, Bodenstedt and Von Schack, and Garner's American, arranged in sequence for convenient reference. A Biographical Sketch, Appendix, Notes and Bibliography complete the work.

MY LADY NICOTINE

By JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE, author of "The Little Minister," etc. An entirely new edition of this delightful book, with frontispiece, title-page in color, novel cover design, and about 100 illustrations from original drawings by M. B. Prendergast. One volume, 12mo, ornamental binding, gilt top, \$2.00.

OLD PARIS

Its Court and Literary Salons, by CATHERINE CHARLOTTE, Lady Jackson, with sixteen photogravure portraits. Two Vols., 12mo, cloth, gilt top, per set, \$3.50.

The same, **SPECIAL HOLIDAY EDITION.** With portraits on Japan paper. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth, gilt tops, with folding cloth jacket and cloth box. Per set, \$5.00.

The remaining twelve volumes of Lady Jackson's works, special list of which will be sent on application, are now in preparation, and will be issued two volumes at a time through the winter and spring of 1896.

PIPE AND POUCH

THE SMOKER'S OWN BOOK OF POETRY. Compiled by JOSEPH KNIGHT. With frontispiece illustration in half-tone. One Vol., square 16mo, ornamental cloth binding, gilt top, \$1.25. Or, full Havana colored leather, flexible round corners, gilt edges, \$2.50.

The same. Large paper edition, limited to 250 signed copies, printed on Van-Gelder hand-made paper, with photogravure frontispiece from Meissonier's "The Smoker." (Only a few copies left unsold. One Vol., 8vo, uncut edges, net, \$3.00)

SOME OLD TIME BEAUTIES

By THOMPSON WILLING. Ten sketches, biographic and literary, of distinguished beauties and ladies of rank of the Georgian Era. Illustrated in photogravure from the original portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Romney and Gainsborough; with cover, decorative borders, title-page, half titles and tail-pieces by the author. One volume, small quarto, size 7 x 9, bound in cloth, gilt top, with photogravure design on side, \$3.00.

Sold by all Booksellers. Mention Chap-Book and we will send one of our Artistic Posters Free with any order for above books.

JOSEPH KNIGHT COMPANY, Publishers
190 Summer Street, Boston

HOLIDAY BOOKS—COPELAND & DAY

Meadow Grass

By Alice Brown. Tales of New England Life, Octavo, \$1.50. THIRD THOUSAND.

"The entire effect of the book is of a natural beauty, springing spontaneously and finding most apt expression."—Atlantic Monthly.

Arabella and Araminta Stories

By Gertrude Smith, with an introduction by Mary E. Wilkins and fifteen full page illustrations, together with cover and end paper designs, by Ethel Reed. Large square octavo, \$2.00.

Fifteen copies on Royal Japanese paper especially imported for this book, \$25.00.

Garrison Tales from Tonquin

By James O'Neill. Bound in Oriental printed paper manufactured for this book. Octavo, \$1.25. Thirty-five copies on China paper, \$3.00.

Moody's Lodging House and Other Tenement Sketches

By Alvan F. Sanborn. Octavo, \$1.25.

Lovers'—Saint Ruth's and Three Other Tales

By Louise Imogen Guiney. Octavo, \$1.00. Thirty copies on China paper, \$3.00. These will be Miss Guiney's first fiction.

Apples of Istakhar

By William Lindsay. Square, \$1.50. Fifty copies on Dutch hand-made paper, \$3.00.

The Magic House and Other Poems

By Duncan Campbell Scott. Octavo, \$1.25.

Lyrics of Earth

By Archibald Lampman. Octavo, \$1.25.

The Hills of Song

By Clinton Scollard. Octavo, \$1.25. Fifty copies on Arnold paper, \$3.00.

OATEN STOP SERIES

Small octavo, 75 cents each. Thirty-five copies of each book will be printed on Dutch hand-made paper, \$2.00.

I. Dumb in June

By Richard Burton.

II. A Doric Reed

By Zitella Cocke.

Esther

A young Man's Tragedy together with the Love Sonnets of Proteus. By Wilfred Seawen Blunt. Five hundred copies printed on Dutch hand-made paper, \$3.50. Fifty copies on English XVII. Century paper, with imbricated initials, \$7.00.

Jacques Damour

By Emile Zola. Translated by William Foster Apthorp. Octavo, \$1.25. Twenty copies on China paper, \$3.00.

COPELAND & DAY, - BOSTON

SCRIBNER'S NEW PUBLICATIONS**The Art of Living**

By ROBERT GRANT. With 135 illustrations by C. D. Gibson, B. W. Clinedinst, and W. H. Hyde. 12mo, \$2.50.

A Bachelor's Christmas

And Other Stories. By ROBERT GRANT. With 21 full-page illustrations by C. D. Gibson, Irving R. Wiles, A. B. Wenzell, and C. Carlton. 12mo, \$1.50.

"It contains some of the very brightest stories by this very bright author. A thoroughly fascinating and delightful book."—Philadelphia Press.

Little Rivers

A Book of Essays in Profitable Idleness. By HENRY VAN DYKE. Profusely illustrated. 12mo, \$2.00.

Unc' Edinburg

A Plantation Echo. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Illustrated by B. W. Clinedinst. Small folio, \$1.50.

Uniform with the illustrated editions of "Polly," "Meh Lady," and "Marse Chan."

Cousin Anthony and I

Some Views of Ours About Divers Matters and Various Aspects of Life. By E. S. MARTIN. 12mo, \$1.25.

A volume of brief essays, written in the light, pleasing, and extremely pithy style which characterized the author's former popular book, "Windfalls of Observation," now in its sixth edition.

Constantinople

By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Illustrated by Edward L. Weeks. Square 12mo, \$1.50.

Charles Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MR. THOMAS B. MOSHER'S FALL LIST OF BOOKS

The Old World Series :

The Old World Series is in format, a narrow F8, cap 8vo, printed from new type on a size of Van Gelder paper made for this edition only. Original headbands and tailpieces have been freely used with the best effects, and each issue has its special cover design. Bound in flexible Japan vellum with silk ribbon marker, white parchment wrappers, gold seals and in slide cases, an almost ideal volume is offered the book lover. Price per volume, \$1.00 net.

I. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Rendered into English verse by EDWARD FITZGERALD. With a new biographical sketch of Mr. Fitzgerald, by Mr. W. Irving Way, and with other special features to be found in this edition only.

II. Aucassin and Nicolette

Done into English by ANDREW LANG.

Of the four complete translations into English of this exquisite old French love story, that by Andrew Lang is unquestionably the finest.

The "Old World" edition reproduces in artotype the etched title-page of the scarce London edition, printed in a delicate Sepia ink on Japanese vellum.

The Bibelot Series :

The Bibelot Series is modeled on an old style format, narrow 8vo, and beautifully printed on Van Gelder's hand-made paper, uncut edges; done up in flexible Japan vellum, with outside wrappers and dainty gold seals. Each issue has besides an original cover design, and is strictly limited to 725 copies. Price per volume \$1.00 net.

V. Sonnets of Michael Angelo

Now for the first time translated into rhymed English by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

With an artotype of the portrait of Vittoria Colonna from a design by Michael Angelo, printed in Sepia ink on Japan vellum.

VI. The Blessed Damozel

A book of lyrics chosen from the Works of DANT GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

This edition has readings to the poem of "Jenny," given by permission of Poet-Lore, from MS. sources. Not included as yet in the poet's works.

The Child in the House, by Walter Pater

(Second Edition Now Ready)

It has seemed desirable to issue Pater's early "Imaginary Portrait" in a shape and style that would be at once choice and moderate in price.

425 copies printed on Japan vellum, narrow 16mo, done up in flexible covers, with sealed outside wrappers and brocade slide case.

Price, 75 cents, net.

All books sent postpaid on receipt of net price

THOMAS B. MOSHER, PORTLAND, MAINE

NOW READY*The Mysterious Disappearance
of Helen St. Vincent . . .***A Story of the Vanished City***By* **JOHN J. FLINN**

Mr. Flinn's romance has been pronounced by competent critics "A Dream of the Fair."

"Scenes and incidents familiar to everybody who witnessed the glorious spectacle of 1893 are recalled, and throughout the story the real and fanciful are so closely interwoven and artistically blended, that one hardly knows where fiction begins or where truth leaves off."

The work, handsomely bound and illustrated, is issued in two styles, as follows:

PAPER—Illuminated Cover	- - - -	\$.50
CLOTH—Regular Standard Edition	- - - -	1.00

For Sale Everywhere

It is impossible to conceive of a more beautiful or a more appropriate Christmas present for any person—man, woman or child—who has visited, or who has read of the great Fair.

Copies sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers.

GEO. K. HAZLITT & CO.**91 Plymouth Place, Chicago**

FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO.



*Paris, New York, and No. 1 Van Buren St.,
(Victoria Hotel,) Chicago*



Invite an inspection of their Collection of

RARE ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS . . .



Both Ancient and
Modern and Paint-
ings in water color
and pastel  



A descriptive catalogue of 500 high class Etchings, their own exclusive publications, and with 50 illustrations, will be mailed on receipt of ten cents in stamps.

Oldest—Newest
 NOT
 that I was First am I best
 BUT
 that I am Best am I First.
First AND Best.

REMINGTON STANDARD
 TYPEWRITER

The
 Number

SIX

New
 Model.

327 Broadway, New York.

159 La Salle Street, Chicago.

XMAS SOUVENIRS

UNIQUE

ARTISTIC

BEAUTIFUL

Hugger Mugger

"O little h— m— man. Who are you?
 Tell me if you can!
 I am a Mandarin from Japan."

Loving Cup

Scene: An inn of olden time,
 Cup: A bit of real Doulton.
 "Drink deep of love this Xmas tide,
 My friend."

Kank-Ko

A slab of Maple, a real Chinese tea pot.
 "A cup of Tea doth bring good cheer."

The "St. George," "The Madonna," The "Kind Friend," The "Indian"—*all* are exclusive designs not to be had elsewhere.

O'BRIEN'S, 208 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

The Washburn

is the embodiment of everything that's excellent
—in Mandolins, Banjos and Guitars. See them at
LYON & HEALY'S and be convinced. Wabash
Avenue and Adams Street.

NEW ENGLAND PIANOS

The favorite Instruments of
the Great American Public

Held in highest esteem by Profes-
sional and Amateur Musicians

Construction right. Prices right. Terms made right.

NEW ENGLAND PIANO CO.

262-264 Wabash Ave. Chicago.

BOSTON
200 Tremont St.

NEW YORK
98 Fifth Ave.

SAN FRANCISCO
26-28-30 O'Farrell St.



This is not a cheap fold-
ing card table. Solid
mahogany, hand carved
and hand made, billard-
table cloth top, card
crawer, detachable ash
cups, all trimmings gold
plated. Send for circular.



UNION QUOIN COMPANY, 358 Dearborn St., Chicago.

300,000 back-number magazines. Club rates on subscriptions. "Echo" and "Lark," with "Purple Cow," one year for \$2.00.
American Magazine Exchange, De Meniel B'd'g., St. Louis, Mo.

THE GLOBE NATIONAL BANK. Capital stock, \$1,000,000. Chicago.
 Melville E. Stone, President; E. H. Pearson, Vice-Pres.; D. A. Moulton, ad Vice-President; C. C. Swinborne, Asst. Cashier.

OLD and NEW BOOKS, AUTOGRAPHS, ENGRAVINGS, POSTERS, Bought and Sold. Address or call on **JOHN A. STERNE**, 30 E. ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO.

Dunlap & Co. Celebrated Hats. Styles and quality always progressive. The Dunlap Silk Umbrella.
PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO

The Sawdust Doll. By MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN.
 \$1.25.
STONE & KIMBALL, Chicago.



Do you keep a **DOG?**

SEND FOR
PAMPHLET (Gratis)

On DISEASES, Etc.
TO SPRATTS PATENT
 (A. M.) LTD
 241 E. 56th St., New York.

<p>RIDE A SOLID STERLING</p>	<p>It will give you strength, and clear your brain of cobwebs.</p> <p>Light, Elegant, Built Like a Watch, Almost Runs Itself.</p> <p>Sterling Cycle Works CHICAGO</p>

Diamonds,

other precious stones and Pearls. Their elegance and variety make them worthy of your careful inspection. It will certainly prove a pleasure—perhaps a profit.

We can conduct a mail order transaction to your entire satisfaction.

SPAULDING & Co.

(Incorporated)

Jewelers,

Cor State & Jackson Sts
CHICAGO

36 Ave de l'Opera
PARIS



To **C**ALIFORNIA
in **3** DAYS
from Chicago

over the
SANTA FÉ ROUTE
THE CALIFORNIA LIMITED

is a new, strictly first-class fast train, vestibuled throughout, lighted by Pintsch gas, and running from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Diego in three days; to San Francisco, three and a half days. Through compartment and palace sleepers, chair cars and dining cars. Principal fast trains East closely connected with California Limited leaving Chicago 6:00 p. m. daily.

G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A. Chicago



A
Bouquet
of
Violets



VIOLETTE des INDES
PERFUME



JAS. S. KIRK & CO., U. S. A.
IMPORTERS

Sample bottle mailed post prepaid upon
receipt of 10 cents.